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ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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Divorce for Drunkenness.

MR. EDITOR:—I rejoice that this unnatural law is less advocated in connection with temperance, and am confident that as higher and purer principles gain ascendancy the causes that led to its adoption will cease, and with them every possible plea for the necessity of its existence. Who can calculate the legislative and judiciary expense caused by this one question, to say nothing of the waste of ink and paper, and the wear and tear of lungs and tongues by outside debates pro and con.

When a law, granting a divorce for this crime, was first enacted in Maine, a few years prior to the liquor law, it was regarded by its advocates as a wonderful discovery in the science of benevolence.

How true it is that one error, not only requires a score of errors to conceal its true character, but a constant increase of erroneous attendants to prevent indirect exposure. Such was this law, a legitimate offspring of error and expedience. The alarming increase of drunkenness, with a corresponding increase of pauperism first suggested the idea. But how said the conscientious and reflecting opponent, can divorce modify these evils?

The economizing politician answered, by allowing those thousands of hard-laboring mothers, wives of drunkards, their own properties and wages for the sustenance of their children; which, now in their married state belong to their husbands with the legal right to squander all in drunkenness, and drive their unprotected families into starvation, or pauperism. How unspeakably wise! First, they make laws depriving women of her inalienable right to the fruit of her own labor, which nature's God has chartered to every intelligent being; then, to lessen (or conceal) the evils of this error, they make another law, annulling the first and most sacred earthly relation ever instituted by the Creator, that which binds in conjugal unity the male and female for the mutual harmony and continuance of our race. How long will man, blind, ignorant selfish man assume to be wiser than his maker! If the evils of the first-named legal wrong, the degradation, oppression, and suffering resulting from woman's slavish dependence, are incalculable, what must be those consequent upon this sacrilegious invasion of the rights of future generations? Who in imagination can trace the serpentine windings of those demoniac influences as they stamp their godless image upon posterity?

While every lover of truth and harmony intuitively reject the unhalloved license of a divorce, (except for the one crime;) yet, no lover of justice can regard as right any law that directly or indirectly compels the innocent wife to endure year after year the outrages of her drunken husband, who, not only has the physical power to abuse her bodily, but the legal power to deprive her of her property and wages, and in case of divorce, of

her children. The conjoined relationship of parents, gives each an equal natural claim to their offspring, a claim to their offspring, a claim that no human legislation can justly disjoin, or divide, which of itself, proves the sacredness of nature's conjugal union. Yet, for the welfare of the children, when one parent is totally unfitted, it is right, that the other should guard them, and the case may then very properly come under the direction of social compacts. But any law denying woman's equal claim to her children, or to her individual property and wages, is an unmitigated wrong, one which deprives her of the privilege of separating from her husband upon equal terms without divorce, when his own vices render a separation absolutely necessary a wrong that no additional amount of wrong can ever make right.

It would be quite as logical for the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere (supposing they had the power) to remove the earth a little further from the sun in the summer, and a little nearer in the winter. How selfishly comfortable it would make them! It might perhaps freeze and scorch our southern neighbors, and disarrange some of nature's laws; but they of necessity must invent some method to counteract the evils of those improvements.

If all the erroneous laws, and all the revisions, and supplements, and amendments, and appended to sanction primary errors, were expurgated from our national and state codes, the true and needful would be reduced to homoeopathic doses, which might be administered with infinitely more safety to the well-being of our social and political systems. The Maine liquor law is, however, a safe and effectual remedy for drunkenness and obviates entirely the necessity of divorce for that crime.

—JANE PROCTOR.

—Mt. Carroll, Ill. Oct., 1853.

Existence of God.—There is a God!—The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insects sport in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the birds sing him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, "There is no God!" Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of Spring and a morning of Autumn: a night bespangled with stars, and night covered with clouds; meadows enameled with flowers; forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunged under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the

shades of the evening, re-appear at the same instant, fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noon day, and sitting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or north, or south, or west in the world. Every thing reduced itself to one single point from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that is most beautiful, for it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God.—Chateaubriand.

THE SECRET OF MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.—Zschöke, in one of his tales, gives the following advice to a bride: "In thy first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another sacredly, never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other; never to bandy words, or indulge in the least ill-humor. Never, I say, never! wrangle in jest. Putting on an air of ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next promise each other sincerely and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's hearts. Even when one of you have committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—Let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you, will form a party, and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had, on their wedding-day, known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas, they are!—The Pacific.

"Geography class come up."
"Mary, what's a city?"
"Don't know ma'am."
"Next?"
"Don't know ma'am."
"Next?"
"An unoccupied town having certain excluded privileges."
"Right; go up."
"Jane, what's a state?"
"I don't like to tell ma'am."
"Tell, if you know."
"O! ma'am, father was in one last night, but mother told me not to say anything about it."
"School's dismissed."

At St. Louis, on Thursday, there were sales of from 25,000 to 30,000 bushels of wheat, at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$1.75 for red; \$1.30 for white, sacks returned, and \$1.15 to \$1.25 for red and white, sacks included—for export.

SULPHUROUS.—A verdant Irish girl, just arrived, was sent to an Intelligence Office by the Commissioners of Emigration, to find a place of service. She was sent to a restaurant, where stout help was wanted, and while in conversation with the proprietor, he took occasion to light his cigar by igniting a locofoco match on the sole of his boot. As soon as the girl saw this, she ran away half-frightened to death, and when she reached the Intelligence Office, she was almost breathless.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" said the proprietor, seeing her rush in, in such confusion.

"Och! sure, sar, but ye's sint me to tes old divel, himself, in human form!"

"What do you mean—has he dared to insult 'a help' from my office?" inquired the man.

"Yis, sur," returned the girl, "he's the divel."

"What did he do to you? tell me, and I'll fix him for it," said he, quite exasperated.

"Why, sur, whilst I was talkin' to him about the wages, he turned up the bottom of his fut, and wid a splinter in his fingers, sur, he jis gave one strike, and the fire flew out of his fut, and burned the stick, and he lighted his segar wid it, right afore my own face. He's the divel, sure, sur."—N. Y. Piracy.

THE NEAREST WAY.—The bible describes the path to heaven as "a strait and narrow;" and "the road to destruction" as "broad" and easy to travel. One of our exchange papers recently noticed the title of a drinking saloon or something of that sort, as the nearest way house. This led to the following reflections: This house is the "nearest way."

1. To lose self-respect.
2. To forfeit public esteem.
3. To a loss of property, and a gain of poverty and want.
4. "The nearest way" to beggary and misery—the nearest way to infamy—the nearest way to utter moral ruin—the nearest way to physical imbecility—the nearest way to death—the nearest way to hell!

Young man, ponder the significance of that sign ere you enter, and read and re-read its solemn teaching—"the nearest way house!"

A BIRD LESSON.—"This little fellow," said Martin Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging; calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God alone to think of him."

Constable James Quinn was murdered at Chicago, on Saturday, by Wm. Reese. On Friday Quinn visited one of the houses on the "Sand," to look after certain parties. Reese met him badly, Saturday night, the latter went again to these houses to serve a warrant. Reese again beat him, and caused his death on Sunday.

Small griefs are loud, but great ones are mostly silent.